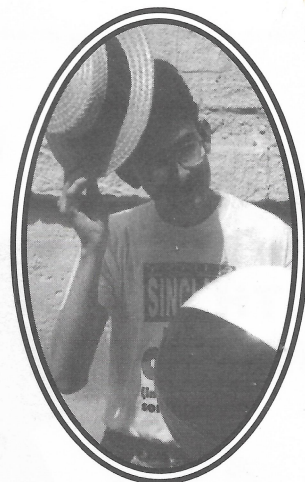


BEE GEES SUBS QUARTERLY CLUB

WITH
YOUR
TOAST



Jonathan Nash

WIN A
CRAP
VIDEO!



Yahoo!

Zoinks!



One of the funniest cartoons on TV until just recently was Ralph Bakshi's *The New Adventures of Mighty Mouse*. Featuring such characters as Bat Bat (a bat who masquerades as a bat) and arch-villain The Cow (a cow in a cape, no less) it was entirely subversive, innovatively animated and, er, 'psychedelic'. So imagine my delight when I found a £499 vid in John Menzies here in Bath bearing the legend *The New Adventures of Mighty Mouse*. Zounds! That fiver fairly leapt from my hand. It was only when I got home that I found out I had bought nine 1978 Filmation shows of the most tediously crap quality imaginable. (The intro song boasts such lines as 'I'm Oilcan Harry, and I'm bad. Mighty Mouse spoils everything - boy, he makes me mad!') But rather than chuck it in the bin I thought, why not give the YS Subs Clubbers a chance to own this ghastly piece of brown tape. Just send a postcard to me detailing why you'd like the vid, care of the YS Subs Club, YS. 30 Monmouth St, Bath BA1 2BW.

Er, boo.



SALUTATIONS!

Sad news this month: Bert, poor Bert, is dead alas. Yup, the YS Stick Insect mascot has shuffled off, well, all but one of his legs really, and died. Bravely fighting on in the face of so few people actually believing he existed, Bert brought many a smile to the faces of the Shed Crew with his famous trick, Wandering Around a Bit and Falling Off a Leaf. Honestly, how do stick insects survive in the wild? Bert was so gullible – you'd put your hand in his fish tank and he'd happily crawl up it.

As foretold in the last Subs Club, this month's YS sees the return of the Complete Guides. Despite the preposterous amount of work involved (I have to admit here that I started with 3D games because the alternative was platform 'uns) they're good fun. A quick and rather spooky tip is to find a pair of 3D glasses and just have a look at some everyday object while wearing them. As a rule, things with lots of blue or red look ever so creepy and more than a spot migraine-inducing. It's the latest craze to sweep the nation! Or something.

Alternative have decided to release *Dr Who – Dalek Attack* after all. (Wish they'd decided last month though – I needn't have cut half of the *I, Ball 2* review.) However, now they're dithering over *Alvin and the Chipmunks*. Tch. Not like Thingsoft with their marvellous conversion of Thingy. (Heck. Next month, eh?)

So what's been going on in the Shed this month? Well, after burying Bert under a privet bush, life returned more or less to normal. Andy's come down a very bad cold – so bad he couldn't even go to see *The Digits* play in Newport last week. He's now back at his desk, but sniffs a lot and occasionally blows his nose in a regretful manner. Both Steve Anderson and Cookie have been a-visiting – ostensibly to help out for the day, but that's a lie. (Basically.) Unless you call drinking lots of hot chocolate and playing *Deathchase* helping out, of course. Which I don't. (Sorry, what was I saying?)

I've once again been accused of subtly avoiding revealing anything about myself, but I see by the clock it's time to go, so farewell until next month. Happy trails,

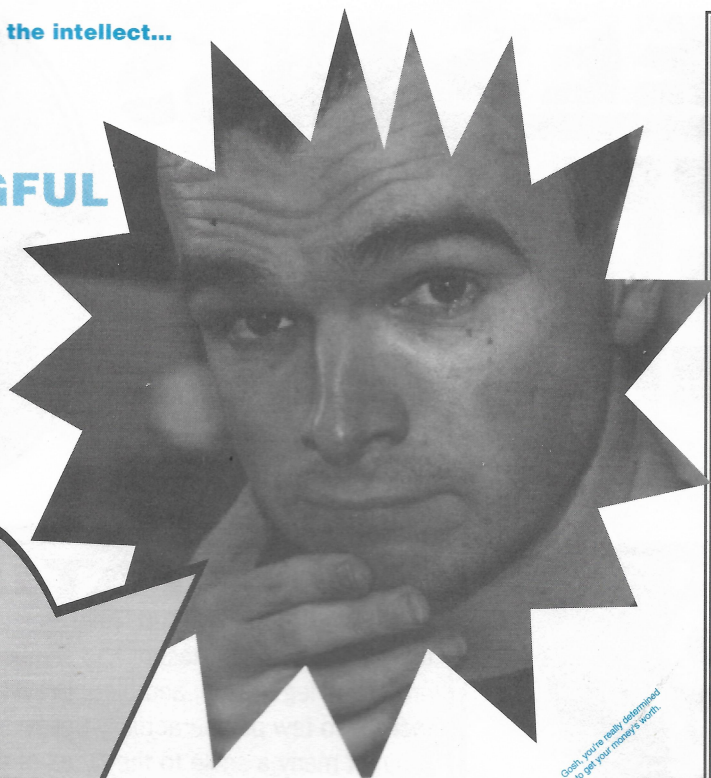
Jonathan

And now, to engage the intellect...

A MEANINGFUL WORD WITH ANDY O



Saltimbando.



It's Up the Frozen Meat Aisle With!

Whilst innocently shopping at YS's local famous-name supermarket (we're not allowed to say T*sco for advertising reasons) Steve 'Soapy' Anderson quite literally bumped into lovable rogues Michael Caine and Mr Lovejoy! (Er, that's just Lovejoy.

Lovejoy) After weighing up the pros and cons, he decided to ask them one or two questions...

SA (hesitantly): So, Michael, erm... Well, do you come here often?

MC (roguishly): Down't shoot blahdy questions 'til you see the whites of their blahdy eyes...

SA (pensively): Blimey, the chap's going mad in his old age! Lovejoy, do you think that Asd* or Tesc* offers the best value?

LJ (forcefully): Ooooh, push off.

SA (alarmedly): That's not very nice! Anyway, why do you call that sad old git Tinker? What does he tinker with, exactly?

LJ (heatedly): Look, I'm not Lovejoy! My name's Megan, I'm 16 years old, this is my first day and I don't need this hassle!

SA (laddishly): Oh come on, I know who you are really, you lovable old rogue! That Te*co uniform and 'Megan' name badge don't fool me one bit! Then again, I haven't seen you in a skirt on the television... Erm...

LJ (pointedly): Hmmm...?

SA (suddenly): Cripes, I'm off! Hey, there's Michael Caine again. Oi! Mike!

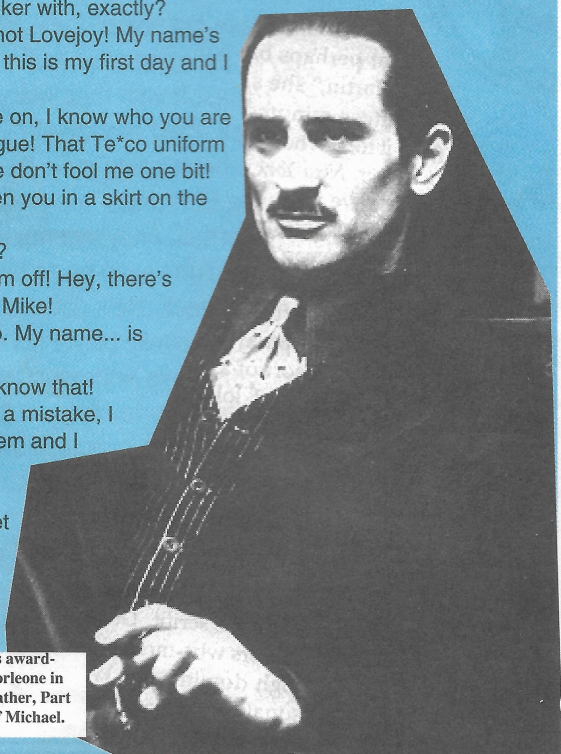
MC (impressively): 'Ahllo. My name... is Michael Caine.

SA (crossly): Yes, yes, I know that!

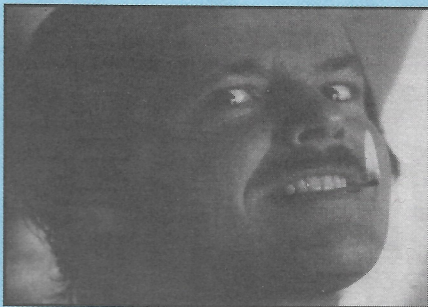
MC (defensively): It's ahl a mistake, I fully intended to pay for 'em and I down't know how they fahnd their way into the wrinkles of my roguish yet lovable face.

And off he ran, with groceries falling from his face, God bless 'im.

A picture of Robert de Niro in his award-winning rôle of the young Vito Corleone in the 1974 production of The Godfather, Part II because we couldn't find one of Michael.



YOUR SINCLAIR



YOUR STARS

Male's still AWOL, so this month your horoscopes come courtesy of that man of action, Jack Nicholson.

Aquarius: Well, heh heh, y'know. (Grins.)

Pisces: Hey, things're kinda quiet. Heh heh, y'know. (Looks out from under eyebrows in a spooky fashion.)

Aries: Heh heh.

Taurus: Another day, another £40 million. (Puts hand in naked flame.) Heh.

Gemini: Look, out Champ! Get down, Uncle Sandy! That's it Rebel – bite the man's gun arm!

(At this point it became apparent that 'Jack Nicholson' was in fact Ricky, the tousle-haired star of Champion, the Wonder Horse, so we're now handing over to Morrissey.)

Aquarius: Your life will be painful and you'll want to die, whoa yeah.

Pisces: Nothing will go right for you, and all your friends will abandon you in favour of various forms of excrement, woo hoo.

Taurus: The sky will become incredibly dark while you're riding your bike and you will have a near-fatal accident involving a rather large tractor, swing your daffs.

Gemini: At the ultimate challenge in your life, both your legs will be severed in a freak knife-juggling accident, hey hey.

Cancer: Hmmm hmmm, hmmm hmmm.

Leo: Climbing up that hill, climbing up that hill and a bizarre rock fall, climbing no more, whoa ho hoar.

Virgo: Everything's going to be quite good actually, and you'll enjoy yourself. (Paul Oakenfold remix)

Libra: While eating out you'll catch a terrible stomach bug that will cause you to cry whenever anything nice happens, hey yeah.

Scorpio: When you're least expecting it, the old lady sat opposite you on the bus will explode, bang bang bang...

Sagittarius: After convincing your peer group that the bloke sings 'Call me Cheryl Baker' in that REM song they will prove you wrong and whisper about you on street corners, hmmm yeah.

Capricorn: You're going to buy a console, hoo wole hoo wole hoo wole...